



The Hurricane.

LVA L. PAULSON

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS FOR 1877.

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All communications to be addressed to

LVA L. BRITTON

Editor and Proprietor.

OUR SAY.

VACATION DAYS—Vacation days are drawing to a close, and in the next number of *The Hurricane* appears we will be sitting again in our school-room among friends who have been absent for two long months. O, happy day! May the hours, days and weeks fly swiftly by which are drawing us together. The people from the mountains are returning: every day we see again well known faces on the street, which brings the thought it is not as if ever.

POLITICAL—The political sky is rapidly clouding and the politicians have begun their accustomed mud-throwing. Every candidate for the Mayoralty claims to be the regular Democratic candidate, and things will be pretty lively on election day if there are three regular Democratic tickets in the field. Gentlemen, some of you will have to "git or there will be a hurricane."

OUR EXCHANGE—We have received many and interesting notices from our exchanges of the State press, but our limited space prevents us from publishing them. To all who have been so kind to notice our efforts we owe our thanks and will try to serve them.

GEN. HOOD'S CHILDREN—The brave and gallant Gen. Hood has died from yellow fever, and left four small children to look to the world for support and sympathy. Let us, then, the children of South Carolina, give our aid towards helping these orphans.

CHIEF.

Yesterday the Hon. Jacob Seebacher mopped his brow and waddled into a street car. He was putting a fragrant cigar in his mouth, and had just paid his fare to the highest bidder and on turning round saw a well-dressed young man at the intersection of Broad Street, he looked to him.

"Do you want to see me about Jacob Seebacher?"

"Yes, very particularly," the youth replied.

Then Jacob stopped the car, remounted his brows, and waddled out to the sidewalk.

"Give me a fight, please," said the stranger.

Jacob accommodated him. "What do you want to see me about?" asked the stranger.

"Nothing more," was the reply.

At this Jacob swore with indignation. "Do not mind that you made me look like a fool for a while."

"I don't mind," the youth replied.

"I don't get excited," Jacob said, as he turned back to his car in two minutes.

HIS WISH.

He stepped to a green grocer's yesterday morning with a vacant, weary, care-worn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them," Jacob remembered and turned away.

"Do you want some coffee?"

"Auntie Maury I can't remember," remarked the stranger as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand and scanned everything behind the counter in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No, that isn't it."

"Is it an apple, mustard, ketchup, or anything else?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small piece of beef?"

"Indeed, I do not." Then his eyes perched and he said:

"I don't know. I remember what I came in for; it all came back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it's as plain as day. Wish it funny I didn't think of it before."

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Well then, I will tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me, I have prickly heat."

He hadn't scratched, but had it not been for his activity he would have been kicked.

"Well, do you take the note to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but I don't think he can read it."

"Why not, John?"

"Because he's blind, sir."

While I was in the room he said to me twice, 'here my hat was, and it was on my head all the time.'

LET US LAUGH TOGETHER.

—A prowed thing—A ship.

—Money is very clothes and a man who owes his tailor.

—Fullams Island summer visitors are returning to the city.

—A witty orator is generally given to making jaw-dropping remarks.

—A Jersey woman calls her husband a "nigger," because he's such a stick.

—An English girl calls her father, who's a member of the "High Church," her "evening star."

—How is it the best of mosquitoes, says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality?

—A smart school-boy says it takes thirteen letters to spell "low" and proves it thus. "See O' double you."

—A late book is entitled "Half Hours with Doctors." What a lively half hour we can have with a flea!

—It takes more energy and business tact to pass a bogus five cent piece than it does to earn a good quarter.

—She was overheard to say to him: "Our parlor stove is up now; do catch and see what a little spark it takes to kindle a flame?"

—It soon to see a man named Brown take his clothes home from a Chinese laundry, and fish out of the bundle an alleged shirt marked Jacobus.

—During the recent excursion from the mountains a gentleman from the "Herald" called at the Charleston Hotel stables and requested "to hire a horse to ride over to Sumner's place."

They had earflaps. "Oh, Waverly. He uses the other day, and one of our green country cousins from Newberry exclaimed: "You don't expect me to eat them things, do you? Take 'em away."

—"Oh, mamma, that's Captain Jones's knock! I know he'll come to see me to be his wife?"

"Well my dear, you must accept him."

"But I thought you hated him so?"

"Hate him? I do so much that I mean to be his mother-in-law."

—A gentleman once remarked to a witty lady of his acquaintance that he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. She looked at him carefully, and, noting the size of his mouth, replied, "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-baldie."

—A story is going the rounds of the press called "A son turns up after years' absence." We have often seen a son turned up after an hour's absence and never thought anything about it.

—Boston Post. How could you have been facing downward?

—Some confound I don't put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day as he scratched about the desk. "Ah! um! yes, I found it so," he exclaimed in a low key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

—The latest yarn about fame is the effect that on a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went off so rapidly that he kissed an old African female at the next station.

A GATE AND A GATE-ARRAY
 MODEL

...can't help it, please. My end is a very strict

Yes, but we can't help that, you know. Please show me the key.

I hand the key over to you, and you tell me that I've got a number in there that only one should see. I feel a little awkward, but I'm going to hand it over. We're not doing this for the money, are we?

Yes, but we can't help that, you know. Please show me the key.

There was a faded, stained, and torn piece of paper. Maria picked it up and couldn't read a word. How was it possible that she had lost her way with nothing? Her life was like a long road, but she didn't know where it led.

<http://www.arc>

—C—167517

ized by the Internet
a 2011, with funding

“If I won’t take a break, my staff will.”

archive.org/details/hurricane

[illegible]

The day after the ending of last year's The H. was a received from the State of New York and the State of New York. The day after the ending of last year's The H. was a received from the State of New York and the State of New York.

Archive

7. The following information is available for the year ended 31/12/2017:

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with a puff of smoke. Some

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